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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™



From terror

benign to horror

and back

again

HELLRAISER

Dean Cain

Ricardo Montalban

Laura Harris

Roy Doty

Malcolm McDowell

Paul Johnson



foreword
D.G. Chichester

Roulette LeMarchand

Dean Shreck

writer

Ricardo Villagran

artist

James Novak

letterer

In These Blue Depths Lie Hell

Lurene Haines

writer

Ray Lago

artist

Gaspar

letterer

Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

Malcolm Smith

writer

Paul Johnson

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afterword

Marc McLaurin

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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 19

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FOREWORD

What have we learned from our damnation, gentle reader? Some are doomed to hell. . .others choose their fate.

Case in point, editor Marcus McLaurin, presiding over this pit for an unprecedented 15 issues. While that number may pale in comparison to publications celebrating multiples of their hundredth issue, let's appreciate the scope of the evil in your hands (or talons. . . or tentacles. . .we're an equal opportunity offender). With each 48 page (previously 64) comic, there're generally three stories, translating into a trio of creative teams (writer, artist, letterer), effectively tripling the workload that an average comic might represent in coordinating concepts and concrete material. Add to that the headaches of production mechanics required for HELLRAISER's quality standards — arcane rituals of "pasting up mechanical boards" and "laying down balloons on acetate overlays" that cause the most perverse adept to shudder — and it's obvious that Marquis McLaurin (assisted by the equally scarified Tom Daning) has achieved a level of masochism that makes Leviathan itself green with envy. To the delight of sadists everywhere, this Cenobite-wannabe continued to push the razor ever deeper, both by increasing the frequency of hell's forces waging war on your comic shop and instigating ever more ambitious storylines (ala "The Devil's Brigade"); all this on top of his considerable other editorial duties (including **TERROR, INC.** (shameless self-plug!) and freelance writing (including the saga of Luke "Don't call me Power Man!" CAGE).

This eulogy does not signify Marcus's shuffling off this mortal coil, but it does denote his passing on these editorial reins to David Wohl (more on *him* in another foreword!) In the meantime, Mr. McLaurin directs his attention to numerous *new* Clive Barker projects due from Epic in the coming year (among them, the anti-Cenobite spin-off, **THE HARROWERS**), and I suggest a clapping of hands (or clanking of talons. . .or slurping of tentacles) in appreciation of the enjoyable agony he has been responsible for during his terrifying tenure.

Speaking of enjoyable agony (didn't you just see that coming?) a trio of tales this time out. The sin of gambling inspires Dean Shreck and Ricardo Villagran to spin the wheel in "Roulette Lemarchand"; Lurene Haines and Dave Dorman (whose recent Nightbreed illo snarled out from the cover of **EPIC #2**) take love triangles and torment to new lows in "In These Blue Depths Lie Hell"; and those Harrowers turn the tables on the leather-and-mutilation set in "Death Where Is Thy Sting?", courtesy Malcolm Smith and Paul Johnson (whose visuals brought the Cenobite-Nightbreed war, **JIHAD**, to unholy life).

Mr. McLaurin's escape from HELLRAISER brings to mind my own departure from the editorship of this nether-region. When I left, I got a Lament Configuration and a bunch of chains tearing my flesh to ribbons. . .Marcus takes on editing five new comics and the accompanying night-sweats of worrying over a large corner of the Barker-verse.

And they say hell knows about torture. . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

ROULETTE LEMARCHAND

NEAR MIDNIGHT, IN A DARKENED CORNER OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

FOUR MONTHS AFTER A RUTHLESS GANG WAR LEFT THE DELICATE BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN TWO KING GANGES IN A SHAMBLES -- A WAR BORN FROM THE MACHINATIONS OF HELL'S DEVILS BRIGADE, COME AHEAD.

IT IS A TIME TO MAKE PEACE -- TO ESTABLISH ORDER, CREATE NEW BOUNDARIES, AND EMPOWER A NEW CHAIR OF COMMAND.

CARLOS HAS RISEN QUICKLY TO LEAD HIS MEN -- OVER THE CORPSES OF THE PREVIOUS TWO LEADERS.

VITO TOO IS NEW TO POWER -- BUT AN OLD HAND AT GANG BANGING. HE'S SEEN ENOUGH DEATH IN THIS CITY, AND HE WANTS AN ENDING.

TO CARLOS THE RECENT WAR WAS A HOLY ONE, DESIGNED TO BRING HIM INTO POWER -- TO FULFILL HIS DESTINY TO LEAD.

AND FOR CARLOS, IT'S NOT OVER YET...

WE'RE TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT, CARLOS. TOO MANY OF MY HOMIES DEAD. NUT-MAN, BILLY. ALL OF THEM AIN'T GETTING ANY OLDER.

HOW YOU LIVIN', VITO?

WE PLAY TO -- WE'RE SURE YOU DO TOO. 'SWHY WE HERE. TIME TO CUT NEW TURF, AND GET ON WITH BUSINESS.

NEW TURF? THIS ON 'NEW TURF'!

HERE'S THE DEAL: YOUR BOYS WORK 'YOUR TURF', BUT EVERYBODY WORKS FOR US. THE VULTURES OWN THIS CITY NOW, VITO!

DAMN. THEN WE GONNA HAVE TO CUT A NEW DEAL.

TO CARLOS, EACH CONFLICT IS ANOTHER PUSE IN THE INFINITE PLAN -- A PLAN HE REALIZED LONG AGO MEANT HIM FOR GREAT THINGS.

AND, FOR ANY WHO STAND IN HIS WAY...

...A PLAN THAT DEMANDS DEATH.

... CRAZY, CARLOS! YOU CRAZY...

Dean Shreck
writer
Ricardo Villagran
Artist
James Novak
letterer





BUYING PRECIOUS SECONDS, WHILE A NAGGING THOUGHT GOES WILDING THROUGH HIS HEAD:



HOW MANY TIMES IN THE PAST HAD HE RUN DOWN ONE OF VITO'S BOYS, CAUGHT OVER THE LINE TO RUN HIM DOWN IN A DEADLY GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE?



AND WONDERING, IS THIS HIS TURN TO DIE IN THE HAZE?



THERE, MAN! HE WENT DOWN THERE!



WE'RE COMIN' DOWN FOR YOU, CARLOS! YOU JUST MADE YOU LAST CROSS!

YOU DEAD MEAT, MAN!



IS THIS HIS TURN?

LIGHT...
GO TO THE
LIGHT...

BEHIND HIM, THEIR
SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS
ECHO.

A DESOLATE PLATFORM,
DECADES OLD AND
ABANDONED, YET INEX-
PLICABLY LIT BY SEVERAL
ANTIQUATED WORK
LIGHTS...

WHAT
THE HELL
LINE
IS THIS?!

OH, JESUS... BOTH
TUNNELS BLOCKED!
NO WAY OUT! THEY COMING!
IT AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE
LIKE THIS!

GOT TO
HIDE...



... LORD, YOU GOTTA
HELP ME, YOU GOTTA GIVE
ME THE POWER... BLESS ME,
DELIVER ME... LET ME KILL
THESE BASTARDS!

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF GOING
OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY...
KILLING ALL OF HIS ATTACKERS
BEFORE COLLAPSING IN A
BLOODY HEAP.

THEIR BLOOD ON HIS
HANDS, AND FACE...

... UNTIL A WAY OUT
PRESENTS ITSELF:

AN OPENING BIG ENOUGH
FOR A MAN TO FIT
THROUGH, LEADING
DOWN...

... TO WHAT APPEARS, IN THE DIM LIGHT, TO BE ANOTHER LEVEL.



HERE THE EVIDENCE OF RANK NEGLECT IS EVEN WORSE THAN WHAT HE'D SEEN ABOVE. THE RANCID AIR-- LIKE THE CORRUPTED BREATH OF AN ANCIENT TOMB-- CONSTRICTS HIS THROAT WITH FEAR AND REVULSION.



HE FEELS AN ENERGY HERE, A RAW POWER, FILLING HIM WITH HORRID TIMIDITY, MUCH LIKE DURING HIS NIGHTLY FITS OF SELF ABUSE AND PURGATIVE PRAYER.

AND HE REALIZES HE IS NOT ALONE.



WHERE ARE YOU... WHERE ARE YOU?

WHERE ARE YOU... WHERE ARE YOU??



CARLOS FEELS A FORCE CENTERED AROUND THE OLD MAN, EMANATING AS RIPPLES FROM A WATERY ABYSS-- AND STIFLES A SUDDEN, POWERFUL URGE TO ANSWER.

AND CARLOS FEELS THE FORCE PUSH THE OLD MAN TO HIS KNEES, TO SIFT FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE FOUL DEBRIS, UNTIL HIS EFFORTS REVEAL...



A MOST UNUSUAL LITTLE BOX.



WHILE, NEARBY...

HE AIN'T
HERE!

HEY, THERE'S A
HOLE DOWN HERE!
C'MON, WE GOT
HIM CORNERED,
NOW...

GEEZ, THAT'S
THEM!

DON'T HE HEAR THEM
COMING? HE'S JUST
FOOLIN' WITH THAT
DAMNED TOY!

DON'T HE SEE
THEM?

YOU
HAVE... SUCH
SIGHTS TO
SHOW.

YO, CARLOS!
WATCHU, WET
YOUR PANTS?
HA HA!

HEY, I'M
TALKING TO...

CHINE
SSPAK
SSPFT

TING

SHIT!
AAA!

WEEHHOO

CARLOS WATCHES
IN SILENT TERROR
AS THE BOX SEEMS
TO PULL THE OLD
MAN INSIDE ITSELF...

...WHILE HIS PURSUERS
SCREAM IN RETREAT.

YANNA YEEHAAAA

THE BOX!
I SEEN HOW...
HE GAINED
IT!

I SEEN...
I CAN USE
THIS...

THANK YOU, LORD
FOR SHOWIN' ME
THE WAY THE WAY
TO BRING WED'S
GANG DOWN.





"TELL HIM TO ASK HIS BOYS ABOUT THE *BOY* THEY SAW LAST NIGHT. TELL HIM I'M CHALLENGING HIM TO DECIDE THIS TURF DEAL, ONCE AND FOR ALL... MANDO A MANO..."

"...THINK YOU GUYS ARE ALL GOIN' DIRTY ON ME."

"WE *KNOW* WHAT WE SAW, THAT BOY... IT'S DEADLY VITO."



"IT'S EVIL...
SAY WHITE-
HOT OUT OF
HELL
ITSELF."

CAN'T *BELIEVE* YOU GUYS! POPE CARLOS PLAYS SOME CHEAP TRICK--YELLS "BOO" AND YOU RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



NOW HE'S PLANNING TO TRY AND RUN THE SAME SCAM ON ME, BUT I AIN'T SO EASILY *SPOONED!*



HE WANTS A CONTEST, HE'S GOT IT--ON *OUR* TURF, WITH *ALL MY BOYS*. EVERYBODY WITH HEAVY HARDWARE.

RONNIE WICK, SCORE OUT THE AREA BEFORE THE MEET, MAKE SURE WE AIN'T WALKIN' INTO NO TRAP.

FIRST SIGN OF A CROSS, DON'T NO VULTURES LEAVE THAT TUNNEL ALIVE!

LATER, IN THE OLD SUBWAY,
BOTH GANGS LISTEN UNWISLY
AS CARLOS PROPOSES THE
MYSTERIOUS BOX TO BE THE
WEAPON IN THEIR DUEL.

A SIMPLE PUZZLE,
SEEMING TO OFFER
A PEACEABLE
VICTORY TO THE
ONE WHO SOLVES IT...

...ALBERTA
SHORT-LIVED
ONE.

VITO CAN FEEL THE STENCH OF
BETRAYAL IN THE AIR, BUT IS
TRAPPED BY PRIMAL WONDER...
TO REFUSE THE CHALLENGE NOW
WOULD COST HIM HIS LEADERSHIP.

TO CARLOS, IT IS THE SCENT OF THE
KILL -- FOR HE REMEMBERS CLEARLY
THE SOLUTION HE OBSERVED IN
THE OLD MAN'S HANDS.

AND MORE.
CARLOS KNOWS
HOW TO AVOID IT.

THE STAKES ARE
SIMPLE, VITO. WE TAKE
TURNS. THE ONE WITH
THE BRAINS -- AND THE
GUTS -- TO AVOID OPENIN'
THE BOX OWNS THE
STREETS.

JUST A FEW ROUNDS --
OF RUSSIAN ROULETTE --
BUT WITH A TWIST -- THE BOX
GOIN' OFF, BLOODY HOOKS
AND ALL IN THE LOSER'S
KISSER. JUST LIKE YOUR
BOYS TOLD YA -- OR, DON'T
YOU TRUST YOUR OWN
MEN?

SO, WHAT D'YA SAY,
VITO? YOU MAN
ENOUGH, OR NO P?

OKAY. YOU
GOT IT. LET'S
DO IT.

BRING
OUT THE
BOX.



AND JUST TO SHOW YOU I'M A SPORT I'LL GO FIRST.



MAYBE YOU SAW SOMETHING DOWN HERE LAST NIGHT MY BOYS DIDN'T?



SO WE'LL PLAY YOUR DAMNED GAME... BUT MY WAY!

WE PLAY BLINDFOLDED-- TO MAKE SURE THIS IS LEVEL-- OR WE DON'T PLAY AT ALL!

UNLESS YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE DARK? OR IS THIS WHAT THEY CALL... A CRISIS OF FAITH?

YOU... YOU GOT IT VITO. BLIND IT IS...

...BUT THE ONLY CRISIS HERE IS GONNA BE YOURS.



HIS BRAVADO RINGS HOLLOW. FOR, BLIND, HE CANNOT BE CERTAIN OF EACH MOVE... HIS EDGE IS LOST.



THE BIZARRE MECHANISM PASSES WITHOUT INCIDENT FROM ONE TERROR-STRIKEN COMBATANT TO THE OTHER...

...EACH DESPERATELY HOPING THE OTHER'S TURN WILL BE THE LAST.



EACH ASSUMED THAT ONE MORE WILL BE...

SUPPOSEDLY, CARLOS FEELS A PRESENCE,
AN ENERGY--AS IF ANSWERING HIS
PRAYERS.

A RIVER OF VISIONS--
SEDUCTIVE IMAGES
OF THE DUEL....

...AND THE FELLING
MOVEMENTS OF THE
BOX IN BOTH HIS
HANDS AND VITO'S.

CARLOS IS SURE GOD IS GUIDING HIM,
RIGHT TO FATE'S DOOR--TO HIS DESTINY
TO RULE.

HIS MIND'S EYE FILLS NOW, WITH
A VISION ON THE FUTURE.

POWER.

MONEY.

FREEDOM.

FREE--AT LAST--OF
VITO AND HIS DAMNABLE
NIGHTLORDS.

AND ALL COMING ON THE HEELS
OF THIS ONE NIGHT'S--EASY
PICKINGS...

N-N-NO!

YEAH, MAN!
WRONG MOVE--
YOU LOST,
HOMIE!

AND FOR CARLOS,
THE FUTURE IS
CLEARLY HIS...

FOR THE
TAKING.

BUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG! THE
MONEY THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO
SHRED VITO INTO MEATY LITTLE
BITS HAD NOT APPEARED.

INSTEAD, HE FELT A
PANDEMONIUM OF ENERGY,
A MALEVOLENT AURA, SAME
AS THE ONE CENTERED
AROUND--THE STRANGE
OLD MAN.

AND RIDING ON THIS DARK
WAVE OF FORCE, TURNING
AN UNEXPECTED PASS IN
CARLOS' INFINITE PLAN
ARE SOME OF HELL'S
FINEST COMMANDOS.

OH, SHIT!

RUN!
RUN,
DAMNIT!!

LET'S
GET
OUT--

CAN'T! THEY'RE
BLOCKING THE
WAY OUT!

TRAPPING VITO'S BOYS
WHILE CARLOS SPEEDS
TO FREEDOM.

WHAT THE
HELL WERE THOSE
-- THINGS.

WHO CARES! WE NOW!
JUST LIKE I TOLD YA--
WE'RE TOP STREETS,
NOW, KEEP MOVIN'!

... BY ONE
SMALL
OBSTACLE.

CARLOS--
TH- THE
BOX!

DIDN'T WE
LEAVE IT?

BUT AS THEY REACH THE WORKMAN'S
EXIT THE PATH TO FREEDOM AND
FORTUNE IS BLOCKED...

C'MON...
IT WON'T HURT
NOBODY.

WE DIDN'T
OPEN IT--WE
ACED THE
DUEL! GOD
GAVE ME
VISIONS!

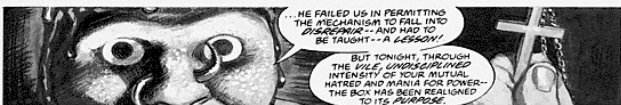
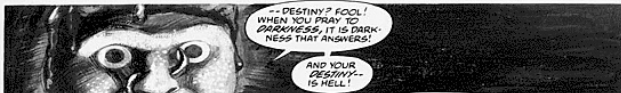
THIS
BOX IS
EVIL; IT
HAS NO
POWER
OVER US.

IN THE LORD'S NAME
I DENY IT-- SEND IT
BACK TO DIABLO.

UNLEASHING ITS
HORRORS ABRIN.

THE BOX SPARKS AT HIS
TOUCH, OPENING THE
DOORS AGAIN.

WH-WHAT
ARE YOU?





BUT-BUT I
DIDN'T OPEN THE
BOX! IT WASN'T
MY HAND!

OH, BUT
CARLOS-- IT IS
NOT THE HANDS
THAT CALL US.

...IT IS--
DESIRE!

THE END





JULY 1520
STRAITS OF
FLORIDA.

GREY AND AWBRY WATERS,
WAVES ENSOBBED WITH
VIOLENT STORM. IT IS HERE
THAT THE FUERZA DE DIOS
FIGHTS A TENSE BATTLE.

IN THESE BLUE DEPTHS LIE HELL



SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE, IN THE
CALM HARBOR OF SAN GERMAN,
PUERTO RICO, CAPTAIN EDUARDO
PROTEGERA WAS CALLED TO SEE
THE GOVERNOR...

...THERE HAD BEEN
A CHANGE IN HIS
ORDERS.



SO YOU SEE, CAPTAIN
PROTEGERA, THE ONLY CHANGE
IN YOUR INSTRUCTIONS IS THAT
PADRE DE BOBADO WILL BE
ACCOMPANYING YOU...

...TO PROVIDE COUNSEL
AND GUIDANCE FOR THE
MEN OF GOVERNOR DE
NARVAEZ IN FLORIDA.

"GOD-FEARING MEN,
CAPTAIN. THE PADRE
WILL GUIDE THEM IN
THEIR JOURNEY OF
FAITH."

Lurene Haines
writer
Ray Lago
artist
Gaspar
letterer



A JOURNEY PERHAPS,
BUT A LABYRINTHINE PATH
TO A DARK AND DANGEROUS GATE.



TODAY, THE HEAT
OF THE TROPICS
MAKES LOVERS
BURN.



IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL
HERE. THIS HOLIDAY
WAS A TERRIFIC
IDEA.



YOU MAKE ME FEEL
LIKE FIRE.
WILDFIRE.

SOMETIMES, WITH
THE VERY HEAT OF
HELL.



I HATE ALL THIS SNEAKING AROUND.
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING.
IT HAS TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT
THOUGH, IF WE WANT TO KEEP THE
INSURANCE MONEY.

THEN THIS IS THE
PERFECT OPPORTUNITY.
AND TOMORROW'S DIVE IS
THE PERFECT TIME--
A DIVING ACCIDENT!



JUST REMEMBER TO
PULL OFF THE MASK
AND REGULATOR. A
GUARANTEED DIS-
TRACTION!



IT'LL BE SO EASY. WE'LL
HIDE THE BODY UNDER
WATER, AND WITHOUT
EVIDENCE, WHAT CAN
THEY SAY?

A SIMPLE THING,
MURDER.

SIMPLE REASONS.
SIMPLE METHODS.

I'LL SEE YOU BOTH
AT BREAKFAST
TOMORROW.

A VIOLENT
ENDING, YET SO
ELEGANT.



A SIMPLE
SIN.

1928.

THESE ARE SOME OF HIS PAPERS, SIR. SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG. THE PADRE, HE... HE CHANTS AND MOANS, AND NOW WILL NOT EVEN LEAVE HIS CABIN.

THANK YOU, MR. DIEAGO. PLEASE BRING THEM OVER TO MY DESK.

"PADRE DE BOGADO, HE IS NO MYSTERY. JUST A TWISTED MAN."

"MR. DIEAGO, I WANT TO SEE HIM. BREAK DOWN HIS DOOR IF YOU MUST. I HAVE MANY QUESTIONS FOR HIM."

"MOST IMPORTANTLY, JUST WHAT IS HE ATTEMPTING?"

FRETJANA, ISHTAKYA, MENYATAY...

IN THE STEAMY DARKNESS, IT IS CLEAR THAT THE QUESTION IS NOT REALLY ABOUT WHAT HE DOES...

...BUT WHO HE CALLS...

...AND WHAT THEY WILL DO WHEN THEY ARRIVE.

AND TO WHOM.



LLAMBDYAE, PROSTAKTA
THE GATEWAY STANDS OPEN,
THE SHEEP LIE AT YOUR
FEET. ISHTAKYA, ISHTAKYA.



COME, WE
WAIT, I
WAIT.



AAAAGHHH



PADRE! PADRE!
OPEN THE DOOR!



PADRE!

YES! YES!
IT IS HERE...



I AM
DELIGHTED
THAT YOU
WILL BE
JOINING
US...



...WE HAVE
MANY
PLEASURES
TO SHARE.

Padre Dios,
Padre Dios,
preservoy de
diable...



CAPTAIN!
AAAAGH...

THE SHEEP MAY
COME, BUT NOT
ALWAYS WILLINGLY.

1992.

CALM WATERS.
WHAT SECRETS
THEY HOLD.

WAITING, JUST
WAITING TO BE
FOUND.

JUST THINK, WITH THESE
MAPS AND PAPERS FROM
MY GREAT-GREAT-AUNT'S
ESTATE, WE COULD FIND
SUNKEN TREASURE...
BECOME RICH BEYOND
OUR WILDEST DREAMS.

GET REAL! JUST BECAUSE
YOU'VE GOT A STACK OF
HOLDY BOOKS AND MAPS,
DOESN'T MEAN THESE WATERS
HAVEN'T BEEN PICKED
CLEAN BY TREASURE
HUNTERS!

YOU'RE NOT
SOME
SPANISH
EXPLORER,
YOU KNOW!

NERISSA, COME ON, WE'RE
JUST TRYING TO HAVE SOME
FUN. BESIDES, IT WAS MY
FOREFATHER WHO WENT MISS-
ING IN THESE STRAITS. WITH
THIS OLD MAP, WE JUST
MIGHT FIND THE WRECK.

"GOD, TONY! I CAN'T GET
OVER HOW MUCH YOU LOOK
LIKE THIS 'CAPTAIN
EDUARDO PROTEGERA'..."

WOULDN'T IT BE STRANGE
IF WE FOUND HIS SHIP,
450 YEARS AFTER THE
FACT?

YEARNING AND
SEDUCTION.

MAYBE THE SPIRIT OF
MY FOREFATHER
WILL GUIDE US...
GODD, SPOOKY!

STRENGTH AND
DESIRE.

TODAY SOMEONE
MAY JUST JOIN HIM
IN HIS OCEAN GRAVE.

EXCITEMENT
AND COLD
CALCULATION.



A BEAUTIFUL DAY
FOR A DIVE.
CLEAR SKIES, AZURE
WATERS.

A BEAUTIFUL
DAY TO DIE.



OKAY,
EVERYBODY
READY?

READY AS
I'LL EVER
BE!



JUST A
SEC...

LAST ONE
IN'S A
DEAD
DUCK!



BEAUTIFUL, WARM,
BLUE WATERS.
DOORWAY TO THE
WORLD OF THE
SEA. A GATEWAY.



ELSEWHEN.

WE WERE CALLED!
WE CAME! SUCH A
SIMPLE GESTURE,
SO FULL OF DARK
OBSESSION, EXCEPT
FOR YOU, EDUARDO...

A GATEWAY
TO HELL.



I CANNOT MOVE!
MY GOD, NOO...



...A PITIFUL FLAME IN
A GROWING NIGHT, I
TASTE YOUR FEAR,
AND DESIRE LIKE A
SUDDEN GLUT OF
BLOOD AND WINE.

YOU ALONE ARE NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO WIN THIS BATTLE.
YET YOUR DESIRE IS SOME-
THING EVEN I CANNOT FIGHT
WITHOUT HELP...





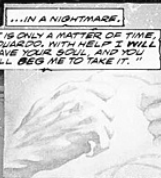
...THEN TIME
STANDS STILL.



AN ETERNITY...



...FROZEN...



...IN A NIGHTMARE.

"IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME,
EDUARDO, WITH HELP I WILL
HAVE YOUR SOUL, AND YOU
WILL BEG ME TO TAKE IT."



GATEWAY TO ANOTHER WORLD.
BEAUTIFUL... ALIEN.

BENEATH THE MEMBRANE
WHICH DIVIDES AIR FROM
WATER, IT IS A SIMPLER,
LESS CIVILIZED WORLD.

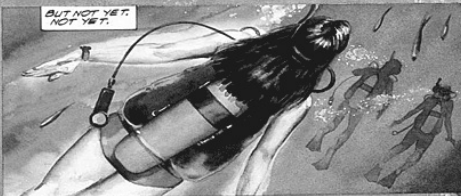
WARINESS, BRED OF THE
PRIMARY RULE OF SURVIVAL.
EAT OR BE EATEN.



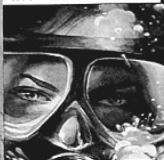
KILL OR BE
KILLED.



BUT NOT YET.
NOT YET.



THE DANCE OF BLOOD
AND AIR NEEDS A
WORTHY CANYON.



PERFECT.

A HIDEOUS CANYON HIDDEN
IN A VAST AND PRIVATE
GALLERY OF WATER.



IT IS CLEAR THAT NO ONE
HAS EVER FOUND THIS
STRANGE AND TERRIBLE
WRECK.

NO HUMAN TOUCH HAS
DISTURBED THE SILT
AND DEBRIS OF
CENTURIES.

HERE AND NOW,
THE PERFECT TIME.
THE PERFECT PLAN.

THE PERFECT
PLACE TO SAY
GOOD-BYE.

FOREVER.

NOW THE GATE WILL
BE OPENED
ONCE AGAIN...

...AND TIME
BEGINS TO
FLOW.

SLIDING
ACROSS
CENTURIES...

...OF PLACE
AND TIME...

...INTO A
HELLBOUND
NIGHTMARE.

SWEET, CLARE.
LOVELY, NERISSA.
NOW, NON THE
SCALES TIP IN
MY FAVOR.

WHAT!
I...!

AAAA...



WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



...OOO!
UH...



YES,
NERISSA...

BASTARD!

WHA...!

uh...



Madre Dios! NONE!

UHHH!

MUUUUU...



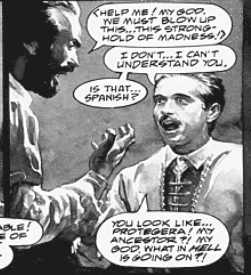
GO BACK
TO
HELL!

KRAK!

MUUUUU...



YOUR DESIRES ARE PITIFABLE!
SO TRIVIAL IN THE FACE OF
THE GREAT PAIN THAT
AWAITS YOU. YOU WILL
NOT STOP US.



(HELP ME! MY GOD,
WE MUST BLOW UP
THIS "STRONG"
HOLD OF MADNESS!)

I DON'T... I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND YOU.

IS THAT...
SPANISH?

YOU LOOK LIKE...
PROTEGERA! MY
ANCESTOR T! MY
GOD, WHAT IN HELL
IS GOING ON?

A MAD LANDSCAPE.
INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

HUUUU...

ILLUMINATED
ONLY BY PAIN
AND DISBELIEF.

CLARE. YOU HAVE
GREATLY DISAPPOINTED
US. WHERE NOW IS
YOUR CORE OF
TWISTED
YEARNING?

HUUUU...

AND HORROR.

WHAT YOU SEE HERE
IS NOTHING COMPARED
TO THE GLORIOUS
SIGHTS THAT AWAIT YOU!

CAAAACK..

"...THE THINGS
YOU WILL SEE."

SCHLOPP

THIS IS TOO
UNREAL!
CLARE!
MY GOD,
CLARE!

PLEASE, PLEASE!
WE MUST
DESTROY THIS
SHIP! HELP ME!

BLOOMING REALIZATION.
THE NIGHTMARE IS
REAL.

AND NERISSA, LOVELY, EVIL
NERISSA. SO MUCH POTENTIAL.
OUR LITTLE WEAPON AGAINST
THIS FOOLISH SPANIARD.
YET YOU HAVE FAILED US.

OH!!

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS,
THE TIES OF FAMILY
BLOODLINES...

YOUR PETTY
INTERFERENCE
WILL MEAN
NOTHING.

"I WILL WIN THIS BATTLE, AND TAKE WHAT
RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO HELL.
THERE WILL BE NO MORE COMPROMISE!"

...AND THE STRENGTH
PROVIDED BY
DESPERATION AND THE
RIGHTEOUS HEART.

IS IT THE KEY?

(PLEASE! LIVES DEPEND
ON US! WE MUST STOP
IT, BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE!)

EDUARDO, TOGETHER.
TOGETHER, WE CAN
FIGHT THIS THING!

AMHN...

(THE FIRE
IS THE KEY.
QUICKLY!)

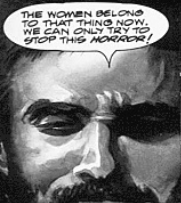
I UNDERSTAND!
THE FIRE!



"STRENGTH IN NUMBERS"
GOES THE OLD SAYING.

"QUICKLY, TAKE THESE.
TOGETHER WE HAVE
THE STRENGTH TO
BLOW HELL BACK
WHERE IT
BELONGS."

BLOW IT UP! OF COURSE!
THE POWDER KEGS...
I SEE NOW!



THE WOMEN BELONG
TO THAT THING NOW.
WE CAN ONLY TRY TO
STOP THIS HORROR!



BARBED HOOKS PLUNGE
INTO YIELDING FLESH
SLICING THROUGH THE
CORE OF DESIRE...

...BARING THE
CORRUPT CENTER
SEEDED BY HELL.



COME, GENTLEMEN.
TIME TO PAY. THIS
LITTLE BATTLE OF
YOURS IS LOST.



"NOW! THE
VICTORY IS IN
LIFE..."



"...THROUGH OUR
COMBINED STRENGTH,
WE ARE YOUR
DESTRUCTION!"

FIRE ERUPTS, A CHAIN
OF EXPLOSIONS.

KA-TOOM!!

THE LONG WAIT
IS OVER.

IN THE PAST WRITHES
THE FURY OF A LOST
BATTLE.

HERE AND NOW ARE SUNNY
SKIES AND WARM TURQUOISE
WATERS.

OH,
THANK
GOD!

A SIMPLE SIN,
MURDER.

A SIMPLE KEY,
FOR A SIMPLE
LOCK.

BUT NOT ENOUGH
TO TIP THE SCALES
FOR DARK DESIRE
AND OBSESSION.

DON'T BE
FOOLED.

IN THESE
BLUE DEPTHS
LIE **HELL.**

THE END

A SONO LEFT IN MANHATTAN'S
LOWER EAST SIDE.

BEHIND A BARRICADED DOOR,
DANIEL JOHNSON CELEBRATES
THE DAY HE'S DREADED ALL
HIS LIFE.

HIS 25TH
BIRTHDAY.

THAT'S THE DAY THAT EVERY
OTHER MEMBER OF THE
JOHNSON FAMILY HAS
DISAPPEARED.

HAPPY 25th BIRTHDAY

I STILL WISH WE
COULD'VE HAD A
PARTY.

I'VE BEEN
ACTING CRAZY
HAVEN'T I?

IN A WORD? YES.

HONEY, THERE'S NO WAY
YOU'RE GONNA BECOME
MISSING LIKE THE REST
OF YOUR FAMILY... NOT
WITH ME AROUND!

BUT IF YOU DO
LEAVE ME, I WANT
THIS BACK. HAPPY
BIRTHDAY.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! THANKS
FOR HONORING ME,
KATIE! GOD, I LOVE
YOU SO MUCH.

I LOVE
YOU TOO.

WHAT'S BETWEEN
US IS FOREVER.
KATIE, YOU KNOW
THAT.

SHE DOESN'T NOTICE HER HUSBAND'S
BIRTHMARK IS UNUSUALLY FLORID
TODAY, ALMOST FRESH.

OH, NEARLY FORGOT...
SWEETIE, I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU HAD A
MIDDLE NAME.

I DON'T... WELL, NOT
ANYMORE. IT WAS MY
FATHER'S NAME.
AFTER HE AND MY
MOTHER DISAPPEARED...

...WHEN I WAS SENT TO THE
FOSTER HOME, I'D GROWN
I'D NEVER USE IT AGAIN.

WHY?

THIS CAME
FOR YOU
TODAY.

STRANGE, I DIDN'T
THINK THERE WAS A
PERSON ALIVE THAT
KNEW MY MIDDLE
NAME.

THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD, 1620.

HATCHES ARE BATTENED DOWN,
AND SAILS PULLED TO HALF AS
A STORM THREATENS THE SAFE
PASSAGE OF THE MAYFLOW'S
MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE NEW
WORLD.

PHILLIP JOHNSON AND HIS FAMILY,
HASTY ADDITIONS AMONG THE
SHIP'S PASSENGERS, STAY
BELOW IN THE RELATIVE SAFETY
OF THEIR CABIN.

Thursday, 23rd of June.

Three days out of Portsmouth,
my family hath taken flight to
escape a terrible evil that hath
befallen us. My son Robert, in
tampering with a strange box, un-
wittingly summoned the most
monstrous being—one that could
not have been of this earth.

Strips of iron twisted around
his body, cutteth his naked arms
and chest, and scorching flames
roar from his charred hands.
This grotesque apparition, who
called itself FULGAR, would have
taken my two children, had I
not bartered for my wife and
myself to go in their stead.

We did not wait as promised
for his return but negotiated
travel and took this opportunity
for a new life, in a new world.

With this action I trust I
have saved my family from a
most unwholy evil, and yet,
each time a dark cloud bloweth
over the vessel, I fear I will
confin FULGAR, ready to
claim myself and my
innocent wife.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

Malcolm Smith
writer
Paul Johnson
artist
Gaspar
letterer

SIX WEEKS AFTER DANIEL JOHNSON'S... DISAPPEARANCE.

MANHATTAN, E-TRAIN SUBWAY, HEADED FOR THE BRONX.

VERA WYSHACK, ONE OF THE NARROWERS-- SEVEN FOLLOWERS OF THE GODDESS MORTE MAMMÉ-- SPIES A WOMAN WITH A PUZZLE-BOX. IMMEDIATELY SHE UNDERSTANDS WHY A SUBWAY TOKEN HAD MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED IN HER POCKET THAT MORNING.

THIS DAMN THING HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HIM LEAVING, I KNOW IT!

ALMOST... JUST A LITTLE MORE...

YOU DON'T WANNA OPEN THAT, SISTER!

IT'D TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE.

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS? MY HUSBAND... HUSBAND?

LET ME GUESS-- HE'S DISAPPEARED?

LAST NIGHT. HOW DID YOU KNOW? I WENT TO BED, BUT HE STAYED UP PLAYING WITH THIS BOX. IN THE MORNING HE WAS GONE--

VERA'S BOOMERANG--BLESSED WITH POWERS FROM MORTE MAMMÉ.

...MAKING HELL JUST A FOOTSTEP AWAY...

UNMUH, AND I BET I KNOW WHERE HE WENT WHERE. IF HE'S JUST GONE IN, IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE.

ITS RAZOR-SHARP EDGES ABLE TO CUT THROUGH ONE REALITY AND INTO ANOTHER...

OH MY GOD! IF DANIEL'S DOWN THERE THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU!

FINE! I'M WARNING YOU THOUGH, THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A STROLL IN THE PARK.

AHHHHH!

HANG ON!

HOLY SHIT!

June, 1621

Our life, among the Pilgrims, flourishes. Though the petty comforts of England are duly missed, our accomplishments here--the log cabin, our field of planted crops, our congenial dealings with the Indians--bring us great satisfaction. Yet many a night I still dwindle from the same infernal dream of the demon Fulgar, returning for the debts yet unrepaid.

TONIGHT, IT IS
NOT A DREAM.

THE BARGAIN HAS
NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN.

BEFORE THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN,
THE HOUSE IS BURNED TO THE GROUND,
AND PHILIP JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE
GRACE ARE SNATCHED FROM THE
SIGHT OF MAN, OR GOD.

THIS IS YOUR
HOME NOW.

NATHANIEL!

YOU
POOR
ORPHANS!

THESE MARKS--
THEY WILL NOT
BE REMOVED!

THEY'RE BURNED INTO
THEIR SKIN,
AS IF THEY WERE
BRANDED!

VERA WYSHAK IS DISCOVERING THAT HELL HAS A THOUSAND FACES, SOME QUITE BENIGN IN THEIR APPEARANCE.

THIS ONE SEEMS BLISSFUL...

A ROLLING FIELD OF CLOVER IN A HIDDEN VALLEY.

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL..

STAY CLOSE, THERE AIN'T NO WAY THIS PLACE IS AS HARMLESS AS IT LOOKS.

MY HUSBAND ISN'T HERE, I MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO BELIEVE YOU!

DON'T MOVE! THERE'S A BEE ON YOU LIKE NO BEE I'VE EVER SEEN!

THE SWEET SMELL OF HONEY PERVADES THE AIR...

SICKLY SWEET.

A FLICK OF THE BOOMERANG SAVES KATIE FROM A DEADLY STING.

THIS SUCKER IS ALL STINGER! AND LOOK AT THE DIAMOND SHAPE ON IT! TIME FOR MY OWN LITTLE CENOBIOTE LITMUS TEST.

VERA USES ANOTHER OF HER GODDESS GIVEN WEAPONS: SALIVA THAT BURNS ALL THINGS CENOBITICAL.

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT!

CENOBIOTE BEES

FOLLOW THAT SWARM!



STRANGE MOANS.

FROM BLOATED LIPS.

**BETRAY THE HIDDEN
AGONIES OF THE FIELD.**



**MY GOD! THEY'RE
ALL OVER HER!**

**DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!
THE WHOLE FIELD'S FULL
OF THESE POOR SOULS!**



**THEY ALL LOOK
STRANGELY
FAMILIAR.**

OH MY GOD!

**DANNY! THEY
ALL LOOK LIKE
DANNY!**

**DANNY?!
PLEASE
GOD NO!**



KATE ?

**STAY AWAY!
THE DEEG--THEIR
STIMS--MORE PAIN
THAN I'VE EVER
KNOWN.**



OH GOD, NOT
LONG NOW MY LOVE.
NOT LONG.

MUMMINT,
DOESN'T
LOOK SO
GOOD.

CAN'T YOU
JUST HACK
THE ROOTS
AWAY?

I CAN TRY--
BUT THEY
SEEM TO BE
PART OF
HIS BODY
NOW.

NO, PLEASE!
AAAAHHHHH!

THEY'RE ALL
CONNECTED TO
ONE ANOTHER
UNDERGROUND.
IF I KEEP CUTTING,
THEY'LL ALL
BLEED TO
DEATH.

Wooooo!

AAAAHHHH!

JUST HANG ON A LITTLE
LONGER DANNY--WE'LL
THINK OF SOMETHING.

*** THE ROOTS...**

**"ALL SEEM TO
LEAD..."**

**"...TOWARDS
THAT TREE."**

THEY'RE ENTWINED IN THE HOLLOW
OF A MASSIVE OAK. PHILIP AND
GRACE JOHNSON, THE FOUNDERS
OF THE JOHNSON DYNASTY.

WHOEVER
YOU ARE--
GO AWAY--
IF BEEKEEPER
FINDS YOU--
HELL MAKE
YOU ONE
OF US!

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU
I COULD GET YOU AND
YOUR FAMILY OUTTA
HERE?

YOU'D BE FREE FROM HELL
AND STARTING FRESH AGAIN!

ONLY THING IS: THERE'D
BE NO TELLING WHAT
YOU'D BE STARTING
FRESH AS!

WE'D GO WITHOUT
QUESTION! ANY
EXISTENCE WOULD
PROVE SUPERIOR
TO THIS
NEVER-ENDING
PERSECUTION!

THE
BEE-KEEPER
APPROACHES!
ALL IS
LOST!

APARILUS: BEE-KEEPER
OF HELL.

READY TO DRAIN HIS BLOATED
VICTIMS OF THE DAYS' TOOTH-
SOME ACCRUAL OF BLOOD,
PLUS AND HONEY.

STEP FOR-
WARD,
TRESPASSER.

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE MY
SPOTS.

YOU UGLY MOTHER!
YOU'RE GOING TO
REGRET HAVING
A NECK THAT LONG!

MAKES YOUR
HEAD SUCH
AN EASY
TARGET.

MY GRANDDADDY
USED TO HAVE BEES.
Y'RAID THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY.

AAHHHH!

YA TAKE
THE
QUEEN...

...AND THE
REST WILL
FOLLOW.

GOOD A'
PLACE
AS ANY.



DON'T SEE NO
OTHER WAY.
HERE GOES
NOTHING...

AAAAHHH!

WHAT
HAVE
YOU
DONE!?

GOTTA USE
(gasp) MY
BLOOD...

...TO DISSOLVE
(gasp) THE ROOTS.

AAAAHHH!

BLESSED
DAY!
WE'RE
FREE!

ALMOST
BUT NOT
QUITE.

STILL A LOTTA
SOUL CLEANSING
TO BE DONE.

JOIN HANDS
AND FOLLOW
ME!

EEEEAAAHH!

DANNY!

KATIE!



ENVELOPED INTO THE FIERY WOMB
OF THE GODDESS MORTE MAMMÉ,
ALL TIES BETWEEN HELL AND THE
JOHNSON CLAN ARE PURGED AWAY.

ONCE THE SEED OF THEIR NEW
EXISTENCE IS IN PLACE, EACH
WILL BE RETURNED TO EARTH
FOR 12 HOURS.

JUST ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE PEACE
WITH THE PAST AND PREPARE FOR
THEIR TRANSMUTATION.

PRECIOUS HOURS.

TIME TO SPEND
WITH THE ONE
YOU LOVE.

HA HA! NICE TO
HEAR ONE OF YOUR
BAD JOKES AGAIN!

GOD, IT FEEL GOOD TO HAVE
SOLID GROUND UNDER MY
FEET AGAIN--INSTEAD OF
AROUND MY SHOULDERS!

I JUST CAN'T STOP
WONDERING HOW THE
LAST OF THE PILGRIMS,
GRACE AND PHILIP ARE
TAKING TO PLYMOUTH,
MASS., 340 YEARS
LATER.

I'M AFRAID THEY'RE
GONNA STAND OUT
WITH THOSE BUCKLE
SHOES!

KATIE, THIS IS OUR
LAST DAY TOGETHER,
YOU KNOW THAT,
DON'T YOU.

YES.

BUT I DON'T
WANT TO
BELIEVE IT.

I'M SO HAPPY
THROUGH THIS
CHILD WE'LL
STILL BE
TOGETHER!

THE CHANGE
WILL HAPPEN
SOON, I CAN
FEEL IT!

I'M PREGNANT,
DANNY. IT
HAPPENED ON
YOUR BIRTHDAY.

WILL YOU
MAKE
LOVE TO
ME ONE
FINAL
TIME?

THERE'S
NOTHING
I WANT
MORE.

THE TINGLE IN DANIEL'S LOINS
DISTRACTS HIM FROM ANOTHER
TINGLE INCREASING THROUGH-
OUT HIS LIMBS.

I PROMISE I WILL
FIND SOME WAY OF
RETURNING TO SEE
YOU WITH OUR
CHILD.

HOW WILL
I KNOW
IT'S YOU?

YOU'LL
KNOW.

COVER
YOUR
EYES!

OH MY
GOD!

RRRRREMEMBERRRR...

I'LL SEE
YOU AGAIN--

AAAAHHHEEEEEZZZZ

WESTSIDE HOSPITAL,
MATERNITY WARD.

AN EXHAUSTED
KATIE CRADLES
HER NEW-BORN
SON, PHILIP
DANIEL JOHNSON.

THOUGH THE BOY HAS
THE SAME SINGER HAIR
AS HIS FATHER, THE
FAMILIAR FAMILY BIRTH-
MARK HAS NOT BEEN
PASSED ON TO THIS
GENERATION.

A SWARM OF
HONEY BEES
ENTER THE
OPEN WINDOW.



АУУУУУУ!

KATHIE UZZZ ME--
ALL OF UZZZ DANNY.

YOU'VE MADE ME
UZZZO HAPPY.

I'LL
ALWAYS UZZZ
LOVE YOU...



OH MY GOD!
COVER THE
BABY!



IT'S ALL RIGHT,
SWEETIE.

IT'S
ONLY
DADDY!

HE CAME TO
SAY GOODBYE...

THE END

AFTERWORD

The end is here, but it's all far from over.

My tenure as editor of **CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER** is at an end. As the observant of you have already read in previous missives, David Wohl is now taking the helm on this book. I now join your throngs as a loyal reader; for once hell has touched you, it always holds on to a piece.

But first, some final notes —

Before I go, I want to thank Dan, the Prince of Chichester, for his consultary assistance; Tom Daning for his more hands-on work; the myriad of interns whose life this book and I have transformed into a living hell; and the behind the scenes workers in Manufacturing, Stephanie Fogle and Melissa Dannon, who help make the final book look so good. Especially I want to thank Clive Barker for his commentary, constant guidance and direction on this project which bears more than his name.

Second, I want to remind all you loyal Barkerphiles out there of the onset of an explosion of new Barkerverse titles out there, due for release next summer. If you love super heroes, you've t seen nothing until you've seen them through Clive's unique vision. Just imagine.

Imagine super heroes once really walked the Earth. They once saved the world, before they destroyed themselves, and our memory of them. Now, a new generation of heroes is returning, **HYPERKIND**, **THE NEW HEROES**, to fulfill a promise of greatness that will save the world again, or doom us all.

Imagine you're a kid, suddenly discovering you can see into the world of the dead who walk among us, unseen. These wonders await **ECTOKID**, half-boy, half ghost, who must begin a desperate quest to find his departed father, before forces in the here and hereafter achieve their mission — to destroy them both.

Imagine that the only thing that stands between Earth and a horde of dimension-hopping invaders — masters of war, weaponry and evil — is a failed stand-up comedian, endowed with god-like powers. As the world falls apart around him, Earth's last, best hope. . . is a joke. This is the stage for **HOKUM & HEX**.

And last, but far from least, imagine a young man, haunted by a demon, and pursued by an angel, doomed to have them both locked within him. He is **SAINT SINNER**, a man between worlds, possessed of the best and worst of all, in a battle unending.

And lets not forget **THE HARROWERS**, that group of intrepid adventurers born within these pages who will also be leaping into their own monthly comic in '93. The **BARKERVERSE** is expanding. Thanks for being part of the ride.



Marc McLaurin
Now Former Editor





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Shake with finger, agitate.

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